

THE
COURT OF LOVE:

A
VISION.

AND THE
HISTORY OF LOVE.

Imitated from *OVID*'s WORKS,

By Several EMINENT HANDS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

PART SECOND.

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THE
COURT OF LOVE:

A
V I S I O N.

(By CHAUCER.

P A R T I.

ONCE as I lay by heavy sleep oppress'd,
With this strange whim my fancy was possess'd,
I dreamt that *Cupid* call'd me to his court
On mount *Cithera*, where his slaves resort;
Where *Venus*, queen and Goddess, fills the throne,
Her kingdom sharing with her darling son;
There was I straight commanded to appear,
By *Mercury*, the winged messenger:
Away I went, thro' strange and distant lands,
The coast enquiring where *Love's* palace stands;
At last a crowd of travellers I found,
And ask'd them whether they so fast were bound;
One, looking like a maid, cry'd gentle friend,
To *Cupid's* court our willing steps we bend:
Oh! where's his court? said I: The nymph reply'd,
High on *Cithera* stands, with tow'ring pride,
A stately castle, his imperial seat,
In which he lives magnificently great.
Her steps I follow'd till my eager sight,
Reaching the hill, found her description right:

Amaz'd I saw the building large and strong,
 Vast were the domes, the marble turrets long,
 But gold and jewels hid the massy stone,
 And stretching to the skies with lustre shone :
 Sapphires and rubies mingled various lights,
 More sparkling than the stars in winter nights ;
 And *Phæbus* darted on this happy place
 His lustre, to regain the *Queen's* good grace ;
 For chancing once unluckily to find
Mars in her arms, he had enrag'd her mind ;
 But now to please the offended *Queen* he strove,
 Which shew'd his longing for the sweets of love.
 For all the *Gods* that on *Olympus* dwell,
 Ev'n *Jove* and *Pluto*, kings of heaven and hell,
 All things that live on earth, or breathe above,
 The mighty joys of this best realm approve.
 Arriv'd at court, I found the palace-rooms
 Adorn'd with hangings made in costly looms :
 Fair maids I met, that mov'd with heav'nly grace.
 And young men walking with a lusty pace ;
 Old men I saw too, but I could not dream
 What service *Venus* could receive from them.
 Pensive I stood, and fearful to be seen,
 'Till one I spy'd belonging to the queen,
 Call'd *Philomel* ; I knew her once a maid,
 But all her life she lov'd : My friend, she said,
 Welcome to *Cupid's Court* ; but you, I fear,
 Receiv'd from *Mercury* a summons here.
 I answer'd, Yes : She said your negligence
 Will then be thought a wilful dire offence ;
 For all that live in luxury and ease,
 By nature form'd the charming sex to please,
 To this fam'd palace early should repair,
 And hasten to the service of the fair ;
 But you that absent durst so long remain,
Without a boat had better cross the main,
 Than bear the curse that disobedience draws
 On bold contemners of love's sacred laws.

For no unhappy man such torments bear,
 As wretches doom'd to feel affliction here.
 Soon they perceive their appetite decay'd,
 Love makes their health decrease, their colour fade,
 Long since I tempted you to *Cupid's* court:
 Now he'll receive you with a sullen port.
 Perhaps repentance may the god assuage;
 But why should you so long provoke his rage?
 I answer'd thus:—With sorrow I repent,
 Wretch that I am, a life so vainly spent;
 And, having spoke, by her I streight was led
 To a vast hill, with various carpets spread,
 And cloth of gold; on which I wond'ring found
 A throne of state, erected from the ground.
 Where *Venus* sat, with her imperial son;
 Each had a sceptre, and a radiant crown,
 To see their pomp I could 'till now have stood,
 Thoughtless of drink, and destitute of food:
 The pleasures of the fam'd *Elysian* field,
 Can no such rapture to a stranger yield:
 No wonder *Venus*, bless'd with such a mein,
 And such a person, reigns, of beauty queen.
 Her golden hair, dishevell'd, crisp, and long,
 In easy curls, around her shoulders hung;
 And every beam that's darted from her eyes,
 Piercing and sharp, like pointed arrows flies.
 The *King of Love*, had danger by his side.
 The *Queen* despair: And looking further wide,
 Attendance, fear, and flattery, I view'd,
 And hope, with strength, above the rest endu'd;
 And wrinkled jealousy, with young delight,
 Open and free and chearful to the sight;
 And envy lurking in a secret place,
 Lean was her body, leering was her face;
 Repining at the fortunate she sat,
 And at that distance one might see her fret.
 Below the throne, an humble sighing crowd
 With pressing suits, and warm petitions bow'd.

Then *Philomel* I ask'd whence came the tide
 Of all those thronging suppliants? She reply'd,
 From diverse realms they come: Those dress'd in blue,
 Shew by that colour, they have still been true.
 The men in black lament, that those they love
 Are sick, or dead, or that they cruel prove.
 What makes those priests, said I, in court appear?
 Have they the privilege of serving here?
 The dame reply'd, full many maids can tell
 None are more welcome, and none serve so well.
 While thus I view'd, with *Philomel*, the crowd,
 A herald from the king cry'd out aloud,
 Come all ye strangers, to the throne, draw near,
 And instantly before the king appear.
 In haste I ran, and kneel'd before the throne,
 All pale and trembling; as a wretch undone:
 The king look'd sternly, and demanded, why
 I came so late, and what I cou'd reply?
 Weeping, I answer'd, Oh, my sovereign lord,
 One act of mercy to your slave afford;
 If yet, a rebel both in word and thought,
 I never lov'd so truly as I ought;
 I will henceforth endeavour to fulfil
 The just decrees of your almighty will.
 Well, all is pardon'd, he reply'd, if now
 To me-allegiance and true faith you'll vow:
 Then straight he call'd an officer of state,
 His name is *Rigour*, solemn was his gait,
 And grim his look unmov'd with gold or prayer;
 A statute-book he brought, and said, "You swear
 " True to remain, in deed, in thought, and word,
 " To *Venus*, and her son your sov'reign lord.
 " To love one fair, unchangeably 'till death,
 " And own your passion with your latest breath:
 " To bear the various temper of her mind,
 " And let her will your just obedience find:
 " To give the honour to her virtue due,
 " And think all tales that blast her fame, untrue:
 " To

The COURT of LOVE.

7

“ To swear her conduct is *exactly* right,
“ And in defence of that opinion *fight* :
“ To find what present or device she loves,
“ And oft to send her what she most approves :
“ To write, to dress, to practise ev’ry art
“ Yourself to recommend, and gain her heart :
“ To take no pleasure absent from her sight,
“ But by reflecting on your past delight ;
“ Nor absence long endure, but justly chuse,
“ Rather than live from her, your life to lose.”
All this I swore ; and as I turn’d the book,
On other statutes of the realm to look,
Rigour cry’d out, hold, traitor to the queen,
Those sacred statutes are not to be seen :
Those are the laws for womankind ordain’d,
That with men’s eyes were never yet profan’d ;
Nor e’en with mine, tho’ I on *Venus* wait,
Long trusted with her deep affairs of state.
Believe me friend, mankind must still despair
To know the rules and maxims of the fair,
And when you see them change with ev’ry wind,
Themselves indulging, to their slaves unkind,
Conclude their duty to these laws they pay ;
Which, tho’ unwillingly, they must obey.
Now seek the temple of the Queen of Love,
And may her son your just desires approve :
All you whose choice is made, her grace implore,
To serve and please the ladies you adore ;
And each that wants a mistress, pray to find
By her propitious aid, some beauty kind.
We all obey’d the words that *Rigour* spoke,
Devoutly, slow and easy steps we took.
Ent’ring the temple, which fam’d artists built,
Soft was the front, the lovely roof was gilt :
The chearful choir with well-carv’d works was lin’d,
And am’rous paintings on the pillars shin’d.
There *Dido*, that unhappy dying queen,
With false *Aeneas*, in one piece was seen.

And

The COURT of LOVE.

And other pictures round the walls were spread,
Of men and maids, for love untimely dead.
Rais'd in the middle isle, fond souls to awe,
A golden image of the queen we saw;
This all ador'd: Some looking fresh and fair,
Some worn with grief, or blasted by despair:
Some in new mantles drest; and some in old,
Like half-starv'd beggars, ugly to behold.
Some pale as death appear'd; some glow'd like fire,
Confessing so their inward fierce desire:
These with their loud complaints the queen besought
To cure those ills, that cruel love had wrought;
And punish all such authors of their woes,
As mock'd their sufferings, or had broke their vows.
But all the happy there, whose envy'd lives
Were bless'd with joys which bounteous *Venus* gives,
Cry'd goddess, hail! propitious to redress
The cares of mortals, and their hearts to bless;
May no divisions in your realm be found,
Since the whole world in love's soft chains is bound:
This is the life of joy your vot'ries know,
Who feel their bliss of paradise below:
Love cures our vices, and refines our hearts;
The source of manners, industry, and parts:
Honour to you, celestial queen, we pay,
Whose minds are lighted with your beauty's ray.
Taught by the prayers those happy lovers made,
I try'd my wit, and thus devoutly said:
Fairest of all that e'er in nature shin'd,
Light of the world, and comfort of mankind,
To you, O goddess, I my heart bequeath,
Freely bestow a thing that's yours 'till death,
Yours be the choice, I only wish to find
A faithful mistress, beautiful, and kind;
No woman yet my settled passion moves;
One I have seen, whom most my soul approves;
Of stature low, cast in a lovely mould,
Healthful and young, with hair more bright than gold;

Her

The COURT of LOVE.

Her looks are fresh, her countenance demure,
Her eyes, tho' killing, look like crystal pure:
Her could I serve; but if your high decree
That fair denies, some other find for me,
With whom in pleasure I may spend my life;
My mistress, empress, any thing but wife.
So will I always sacrifice to you,
And with *Diana* constant war pursue;
A fig for her and all her chastity,
Let monks and friars her disciples be.
Thus in the temple having said my prayer,
Another image I discover'd there;
A tender maid, said *Philomel*, does claim
That sacred shrine, and *Pity* is her name:
In all the court, none knows so well the art
To help a lover, or to save a heart;
Her all-commanding int'rest cannot fail;
Gain but her friendship, and you must prevail.
Now you shall see the fairest thing alive,
Come on with me, and by your carriage strive
To please a lady of the nicest taste,
Whose air is prudent, as her life is chaste;
Call'd *Rosalinda*; could you gain her grace,
Well might you bless the goddess of this place:
Take care your sense and modesty to show,
She hates a pert, insipid, prating beau.
Then straight she led me to a spacious room:
Where *Rosalinda* sat in beauty's bloom:
At the first sight a shiv'ring pain I found
In all my veins, my heart receiv'd a wound;
I dreaded much to speak, my voice was broke,
Yet when my sighs permitted, thus I spoke;
Accept my service, thou celestial fair,
And oh! receive a dying lover's care;
To your commands my painful heart I bind,
And have for ever liberty resign'd,
She made no answer, and I soon retir'd,
To press not daring, tho' by love inspir'd;

But

But still her image dwelt within my breast,
Too excellent to be in verse express.
Her head is round, and flaxen is her hair,
Her eye-brows darker, but her fore-head fair,
Straight is her nose; her eyes like em'rals bright;
Her well-made cheeks are lovely red and white;
Short is her mouth, her lips are made to kifs,
Rofy and full, and prodigal of blifs;
Her teeth like iv'ry are, well-fiz'd and even:
And to her breath ethereal sweets are given:
Her hands are snowy white, and small her waift,,
And what is yet untold is fure the beft.
Had *Jove* himfelf beheld this heav'nly fair,
Califfo never had been made a ftar;
He ne'er had born *Europa* on his back,
Nor turn'd a mortal for *Alcmena's* fake;
Nor try'd the virtue of a golden ftower,
To enter *Danae's* well-defended tower:
For all their beauties had too mean appear'd
With *Rofalinda's* matchlefs charms compar'd.
Soon I return'd her heav'nly form to view,
And ftill my wound's impreflion deeper grew;
And thus I fpoke: O nature's boasted pride,
For torments caus'd by you, fome cure provide;
Prais'd be my fate, and ever blefs'd the hour,
That made me fubject to your lawful pow'r:
Not *Antony* could greater paffion boast,
Tho' for one woman the whole world he loft,
She answer'd, Friend, your fervice I difclaim,
Who are you, pray? Whence come you? What's
your name?
Men call me *Celadon*, in verfe I write,
And fongs at home, with fome applaufe, indite:
Oh, why is ev'ry flower and pleafing root,
That in the mufes happy garden ftroot,
Deny'd me now? And why muft I defpair,
With sweets of verfe, to charm the brighteft fair?
Thus,

Thus, gentle muse, my humble breast inspire
 With sacred numbers and celestial fire ;
 And, *Pallas*, thy propitious light convey,
 To chase the mist of ignorance away —.
 Peace, rhyming fool, and learn henceforth to make
 A fitter choice; your woman you mistake.
 O mercy, *Venus*! mercy from above!
 Why should you curse me with such helpless love?
 Behold the most abandon'd soul on earth ;
 Ill was I got, and woful was my birth.
 Unless some pity on my pains you shed,
The frosty grave will quickly be my bed
 Thus having spoke, my voice began to fail,
 My colour sunk, and turn'd like ashes pale ;
 I swoon'd, and down I fell. Thou slave, arise,
 Cry'd *Rosalinda*; now thy love I prize.
 I only try'd thy heart; and since I find
 'Tis soft and tender, know that mine is kind
 Swear but to keep the oath you lately took,
 And I'll not be so cruel as I look.
 Her eyes then languish'd and her face grew red,
 And squeezing fast my hand, she laughing said,
 I know a way thy passion to appease,
 And soon will set thy simple heart at ease.
 But e'er she brought me to her promis'd bed,
 The rapture wak'd me, and the vision fled,

END of the FIRST PART.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
L O V E,

By CHARLES HOPKINS.

PART II.

YE woods, and wilds, serene and blest retreats,
At once the lovers, and the muses seats ;
To you I fly, to you, ye sacred groves,
To tell my wond'rous tale of wond'rous loves.
Thee, *Delia*, thee shall ev'ry shepherd sing,
With thy dear name the neighb'ring woods shall ring,
No name but thine shall on their banks be found,
With none but thine shall echoing hills resound.
My verse, thy matchless beauties shall proclaim,
'Till thine out-rivals *Sacharissa's* fame.
My verse shall make thee live, while woods shall grow,
While stars shall shine, and while the seas shall flow;
While there remains alive a tender maid,
Or am'rous youth, or love-sick swain to read,
Others may artfully the passions move,
In me alone 'tis natural to love :
While the world sees me write in such a strain,
As shews, I only feel, what others feign.
Thou darling of my youth, my life's delight,
By day my vision, and my dreams by night ;

Thou who alone dost all my thoughts infuse,
 And art at once, my mistress and my muse:
 Inspir'd from thee, flows every sacred line,
 Thine is the poetry, the poet thine.
 Thy service shall my only business be,
 And all my life employ'd in pleasing thee.
 Crown'd with my songs of thee, each day shall move,
 And ev'ry list'ning sun hear nought but love.
 With flowing numbers, ev'ry page shall roll,
 Where, as you read my verse, receive my soul.
 Should sense, and wit, and art, refuse to join,
 In all I write, and fail my great design:
 Yet with such passion shall my lines be crown'd,
 And so much softness in my poem found,
 Such moving tenderness; the world shall see,
 Love could have been describ'd by none but me.
 Let *Dryden* from his works, with justice, claim
 Immortal praise; I from my sacred flame
 Draw all my glory, challenge all my fame.

Believe me, *Delia*, lovers have their wars,
 And *Cupid* has his camp, as well as *Mars*.
 That age which suits a soldier best, will prove
 The fittest for the sharp fatigues of love.
 None but young men the toils of war can bear,
 None but young men can serve and please the fair,
 Youth, with the foe maintains the vig'rous fight,
 Youth, gives the longing maid the full delight.
 On either hand, like hardship it sustains,
 Great are the soldier's, great the lover's pains.
 Th' event of war no gen'ral can foreknow,
 And that alas! of love is doubtful too.
 In various fields, wherever chance shall fall,
 The soldier must resolve to bear it all.
 With the like constancy must lover's wait,
 Enduring bad, and hoping better fate.
 Thro' doubts, and fears, desires and wishes tost,
 Undaunted, they must strain to reach the coast.

†

B

All

All will a while look hideous to their eye,
 The threatening storm still thick'ning in the sky,
 No sight of land, no friendly harbour nigh.
 Yet thro' all this, the vent'rous lover steers,
 To reap the golden crop that beauty bears.
 So the bold mariners the seas explore,
 Tho' winds blow hard, and waves like thunder roar,
 Rather than live in poverty on shore.
 Embolden'd thus, let ev'ry youth set sail,
 And trust to fortune for a prosp'rous gale:
 Let them launch boldly from the lazy shore,
 Nor fear a storm that will at last blow o'er.
 Set all the reins to all their passions free,
 Give wings to their desires; and love like me.

Happy that youth, who then his stars incline
 His soul to love, can make a choice like mine.

AD M I R A T I O N.

Thee, *Delia*, all that see thee must admire,
 And mankind in its own despite desire.
 As a blind man, restor'd to sudden sight,
 Starts in amaze at the first flash of light;
 So was I struck, such sudden wonder knew,
 When my eyes dazzl'd with the sight of you.
 I saw whatever could inflame desire,
 Parch up the veins, and set the blood on fire.
 From ev'ry charm the painted light'ning came,
 And fast, as they dispers'd, I caught the flame.
 Like stars your glittering eyes were seen to shine,
 And roll with motions that were all divine.
 Where majesty, and softness, mingled meet,
 And shew the soul, at once, sublime and sweet.
 I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd, from every view
 New wonders I descri'd, new passions drew.

Nor

Nor were the charms less pow'rful of your tongue,
My ravish'd soul on ev'ry accent hung,
Glow'd when you spoke, and melted when you sung.
Those lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,
But silently are eloquent in love;
That face and neck, those shoulders, hands, and arms,
Each limb, each feature, has peculiar charms,
Each of itself might singly win a soul,
And never need th' assistance of the whole.
On this one part a poet's praise might dwell,
Did not this other part deserve as well.
Beauty is surely near ally'd to wit,
Of which none can the just description hit
By their own selves they can be shewn the best,
And only are in being seen, exprest.
Beauty's true charms no poem can present,
Which but imperfectly are done in paint.
That too comes short of life, and only takes
Faint images of those which nature makes.

B 2



LEANDER'S

EPISTLE TO

HERO.

Leander accusstomed nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero (priestess of Venus's temple) being at last hindered by storms from his wonted course, sent her the following epistle.

READ this; yet be not troubled when you read,
 Your lover comes not, in his letter's stead.
 On you all health, all happiness attend,
 Which I would much, much rather bring than send.
 But now these envious storms obstruct my way,
 And only this bold bark durst put to sea.
 I too had come, had not my parents' spies
 Stood by to watch me with suspicious eyes.
 How many tedious days and nights are past,
 Since I was suffer'd to behold you last?
 Ye spiteful gods and goddeffes, who keep
 Your watry courts within the spacious deep,
 Why at this time, are all the winds broke forth?
 Why swell the seas beneath the furious north
 'Tis summer now, when all should be serene;
 The skies unclouded, undisturb'd the main;
 Winter is yet unwilling to appear,
 But you invert the seasons of the year.
 Yet let me once attain the wish'd for beach,
 Out of the now malicious Neptune's reach:
 Then blow, ye winds; ye troubled billows roar;
 Roll on you angry waves, and lash the shore.
 Ruffle the seas, drive the tempestuous air;
 Be one continu'd storm, and keep me there.
 Ah! Hero, when to you my course is bent,
 I seem to slide along a smooth descent.
 But in returning thence, I clamber up,
 And scale, methinks, some lofty mountain's top.

Why

Why, when our souls by mutual love are join'd,
 Why are we funder'd by the sea and wind?
 Either make my *Abydos* your retreat,
 Or let your *Sestos* be my much lov'd seat.
 This plague of absence I can bear no more,
 Come what can come, I'll shortly venture o'er.
 Not all the rage of seas; nor force of storms,
 Nothing but death shall keep me from thy arms:
 Yet may that death at last so friendly prove,
 To float me to the coast of her I love.
 Let not the thought occasion any fear;
 Doubt not, I will be soon and safely there:
 But 'till that time, let this employ your hours,
 And shew you, that I can be none but yours.

Mean-while the vessel from the land withdrew,
 When heav'n took pity on a love so true;
 The winds to blow, the waves to tofs forbore,
 In leaps the ravish'd youth, and ventures o'er
 With a smooth passage to the farther shore.
 Now to the port the prosp'rous lover drives,
 And safely after all his toils arrives.
 Dissolv'd in bliss, he lies the live-long night,
 Melts, languishes, and dies in vast delight;
 But that delight my muse forebears to sing,
 She knows the weakness of her infant wing,
 As when the painter strove to draw the chief
 Of all the *Grecians*, in his height of grief;
 In ev'ry limb the well-shap'd piece excell'd,
 But coming to the face, his pencil fail'd.
 There modestly he staid, and held, for fear
 He should not reach the woe he fancy'd there;
 But round the mournful head a veil he threw,
 That men might guess at what he could not shew,
 So when our pleasure rises to excess,
 No tongue can tell it, and no pen express.
 Love will not have his mysteries reveal'd,
 And beauty keeps the joys it gives conceal'd.
 And 'till these joys my *Delia* lets me know,
 To me they shall continue ever so,

Ah! *Delia*, would indulgent love decree,
 Thy faithful slave that heav'n of bliss with thee;
 What then should be my verse? What darling flights
 Should my muse take? reach what celestial heights?
 Now in despair, with drooping notes she sings,
 No dawn of hope to raise her on her wings.
 In the warm spring the warbling birds rejoice,
 And in the smiling sun-shine tune their voice.
 Bask'd in the beams, they strain their tender throats,
 Where chearful light inspires the charming notes.
 Such, and so charming should my numbers be,
 If you, my only light, should smile on me.
 Your influence would inspire as moving airs.
 And make my song as soft and sweet as theirs.
 Would you but once auspiciously incline
 To raise his fame, who only writes for thine;
 I'd sing such notes, as none but you can teach,
 And none but one who loves like me can reach.
 Secure of you, what raptures could I boast?
 How wretched shall I be when you are lost;
 Ah! think what pangs despairing lovers prove,
 And what a bless'd estate were mutual love.
 How might my soul be with your favour rais'd?
 And how in pleasing you, myself be pleas'd?
 With what delight, what transport could I burn
 Did but my flames receive the least return.
 How would one tender look, one pitying smile,
 Or one kind word from you, reward my toil?
 It must, and wou'd your tend'rest pity move,
 Were you but once convince'd how well I love.
 But ev'ry pow'r that reigns and rules on high,
 By love, the mighty'st pow'r of all the sky;
 By your dear self, the last great oath, I swear,
 That neither life, nor soul are half so dear.
 What need I these superfluous vows repeat?
 Already sigh'd so often at your feet.
 You know my passion is sincere and true,
 I love you to excess: you know I do.

No tongue, no pen, can what I feel express,
 Ev'n poetry itself must make it less.
 You haunt me still, where-ever I remove
 There's no retreat secure from fate or love.
 My soul from yours, no distance can divide,
 No rocks, no caves, can from your presence hide.
 By day, your lovely form fills all my sight,
 Nor do I lose you, when I lose the light,
 You are the charming phantom of the night.
 Still your dear image dances in my view,
 And all my restless thoughts run still on you.
 You only are the sleeping poet's dream,
 And when awake, you only are his theme.
 Were I, by some yet harder fortune, hurl'd
 To the remotest part of all the world;
 The coldest northern clime, the torrid zone,
 Should hear me sing of you, and you alone.
 That pleasing task should all my hours employ,
 Spent in a charming melancholy joy.
 The chorus of the birds, the whisp'ring boughs,
 And murm'ring stream, should join to sooth my woes:
 My thoughts of you should yield a sad delight,
 While joy and grief contend like day and night.
 With smiles, and tears, resembling fun and rain,
 To keep the pleasure, I'd endure the pain.
 If such content my troubled soul could know,
 Such satisfaction mixt with so much woe;
 If but my thoughts could keep my wishes warm,
 Ah! how would your transporting presence charm?
 How pleasant would those pathless wilds appear,
 Were you alone my kind companion here?
 What should I then have left me to deplore?
 Oh! what society to wish for more?
 No country thou art in can desert be,
 And towns are desolate depriv'd of thee.
 Banish'd with thee, I could an exile bear;
 Banish'd from thee, the banishment lies there.
 I to some lonely isle with thee could fly,
 Where not a creature dwells but thou and I;

Where

Where a wide spreading main around us roars,
 Besprinkling, with its foam, our desert shores;
 Where winds and waves in endless wars engage,
 And high-wrought tides roll with eternal rage;
 Where ships far off their fearful courses steer,
 And no bold vessel ever ventures near.
 Should rising seas swell over ev'ry coast,
 Were mankind in a second deluge lost,
 Did only two of all the world survive,
 Only one man, one woman left alive;
 And should the gods that lot to us allow,
 Were I *Deucalion*, and my *Pyrrha*, thou;
 Contentedly I should my fate embrace,
 And would not beg them to renew our race;
 And my most ardent wishes should implore,
 All I should ask from each indulgent pow'r,
 Would be to keep thee safe, and have no more.
 Your cruelty occasions all my smart,
 Your kindness could restore my bleeding heart.
 You work me to a storm, you make me calm;
 You give the wound, and can infuse the balm.
 Of you I boast, of you alone complain,
 My greatest pleasure and my greatest pain.
 Whene'er you grieve I can no comfort know,
 And when you first are pleas'd, I must be so.
 While you are well, there's no disease I feel,
 And I enjoy no health, when you are ill.
 Whate'er you do, my actions to direct,
 Your smile can raise me, and your frown deject.
 Whome'er you love, I, by the self same fate,
 Love too; and hate whatever wretch you hate.
 With yours, my wishes and my passions join,
 Your humour, and your int'rest, all is mine.
 I share in all; nor can my fortune be
 Unhappy, let but fortune smile on thee.
 You can preserve, you only can destroy,
 Increase my sorrow, or create my joy.
 From you, and you alone my doom I wait,
 You are the star, whose influence rules my fate.

On yours my being, and my life depend,
 And mine shall last no more, when yours must end.
 No toil would be too great, no task too hard,
 Were you at last to be my rich reward,
 In serving you I'd spend my latest breath,
 Brave any danger, run on any death.
 I live but for your sake, and when I die,
 All I shall pray for, is, may you be by.
 No life, like living with thee, can delight;
 No death can please, like dying in thy fight.
 Oh! when I must, by heav'n's severe decree,
 Be snatch'd from all that's dear, be snatch'd from thee;
 May't thou be present, to dispel my fear,
 And soften with thy charms the pangs I bear.
 While on thy lips I pour my parting breath,
 Look thee all o'er and clasp thee close in death;
 Sigh out my soul upon thy panting breast,
 And with a passion not to be express'd
 Sink at thy feet into eternal rest.

HERO's ANSWER,

By Mr TATE.

WITH such delight I read your letter o'er,
 Your presence only could have giv'n me more.
 Excuse my passion, if it soar above
 Your thought; no man can judge of woman's love.
 With bus'ness you, or pleasures may sustain
 The pangs of absence, and divert the pain.
 The hills, the vales, the woods, and streams are stor'd
 With game, and profit with delight afford.
 Whilst gins for beasts, and snares for fowls you set,
 You smile, and your own am'rous chains forget.

Ten.

Ten thousand helps besides affect your cure,
 Whilst woman's sole relief is to endure.
 Or, with one confident I held discourse,
 Debating what should interrupt your course;
 Or viewing from aloft the troubled tide,
 Mix in the fray, and with the tempest chide,
 Or in the storms, least interval suspect,
 Your stay, and almost charge you with neglect.
 I seek your footsteps on the sands in vain,
 The sands no more confess thee than the main.
 I watch the arriving barks, and never fail,
 To enquire of you, and write by ev'ry sail.

Still as the setting sun restores the night,
 (The night to me more welcome than the light,)
 I fix my flaming torch to guide my love,
 Nor shines there any friendlier star above.
 Then with my work or book the time I cheat,
 And 'midst the task *Leander's* name repeat.
 My wedded thoughts no other theme pursue,
 I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
 What think'st thou, nurse, does my *Leander* come?
 Or waits he till his parents sleep at home?
 For he is forc'd to steal his passage there,
 As nightly we by stealth admit him here.
 Think'st thou that now he strips him in the bay,
 Or is already plung'd, and on his way?
 Whilst she, poor soul, with tedious watchings spent,
 Makes half replies, and nodding, gives assent.
 Yet cannot I the smallest pause allow,
 But cry, he is launch'd forth for certain now.
 Then ev'ry moment thro' the window peep;
 With greedy eyes examine all the deep;
 And whisper to the floods a tender prayer
 In your behalf, as if I spy'd you there.
 Or to beguile my griefs my ear incline,
 And take each gentle breeze's voice for thine:

At

At last surpriz'd with sleep, in dreams I gain
 That bliss, for which I wak'd so long in vain.
 To shroud you then my shoulders I divest,
 And clasp you shivering to my warmer breast,
 A lover need not be inform'd the rest.
 These pleasures oft my slumb'ring thoughts employ,
 But still they're dreams, and yield no solid joy.
 Tho' ne'er so lively the fruition be,
 To fill my bliss, I must have very thee.
 At present, I confess the seas are rough,
 But were last night compos'd and calm enough;
 Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
 Why disappoint me with a total stay?
 Is it your fear that makes my wishes vain?
 When rougher, you have oft engag'd the main;
 If it be fear, that friendly fear retain.
 Nor visit me till you securely may;
 Your danger would afflict me more than stay.
 Dread ev'ry gust that blows, but oh! my mind
 Misgives, lest you prove various as that wind.
 If e'er you change, your error secret keep,
 And in blest ignorance, oh! let me sleep,
 Not that I am inform'd you're chang'd at all,
 But absent lovers fear whate'er may fall,
 Detain'd by floods, your stay I will not blame;
 But less I dread the floods than some new flame.
 Be hush'd ye winds, ye raging billows sleep,
 And yield my love safe passage thro' the deep.
 Blest sign, the taper sparkles while I pray,
 I guess i' th' flame! *Leander's on his way!*
 Our household altar yields propitious signs,
 From which my nurse your swift approach divines.
 The crickets too of your arrival warn,
 And say our number shall increase e'er morn,
 Come, gentle youth, and with thy presence make
 The glad conjecture true; the day will break,
 And mar our bliss, prevent the hast'ning morn;
 To me and loves forsaken joys return.

My

My bed without thee will afford no rest,
There is no pillow like *Leander's* breast.
Dost thou suspect the time will be too short?
Or want'st thou strength th' adventure to support?
If this detain thee, oh! no longer stay,
I'll plunge and meet thee in the flood half-way.
Thus in the verdant waves our flames shall meet,
And danger make the soft embrace more sweet.
Our love's our own, which yet we take by stealth,
Like midnight misers from their hidden wealth.
'Twixt decency and love unhappy made,
Whilst fame forbids what our desires persuade,
How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away?
To dare the floods when sailors keep the bay.
Yet be advis'd thou conqueror of the tide,
Nor in thy youthful strength so much confide.
Think not thine arms can more than oars prevail?
Nor dare to swim, where pilots fear to fail.
With much regret I cautiously persuade,
And almost wish'd my counsel disobey'd.
Yet when to the rough main my eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my last night's visions less affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a sacred rite,)
A sporting *Dolphin*, whilst the flood retir'd,
Lay hid i' th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.
Whate'er the dream portend, as yet reside
In the safe port, nor trust th' inconstant tide.
The storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,
Then with redoubled speed redeem your stay,
Till then these sheets some pleasure may impart,
They bring what most you prize, your *Hero's* heart.

THE
P A R T I N G
O F

Achilles and Deidamia.

Achilles had a long time lain disguised like a woman, in the court of Necomedes, king of Bithynia, making use of that habit, the better to carry on his amours with Deidamia, Necomedes's daughter, but he was at last discovered by the subtilty of Ulysses; who putting a sword into his hands, which he wielded too dexterously for a woman, so betrayed, and warned him to the Trojan war, the Greeks having been warned by the Oracle, that Troy should never be taken, unless Achilles assisted at the siege.

THUS young *Achilles*, in *Bithynia's* court,
Had made a private, and a long resort :
Dress'd like a maid, the better to improve,
With his fair princess, undiscover'd love.
Where hours and days, he might secure receive
The mighty bliss that mutual love could give.
Where in full joys the youthful pair remain'd,
And nought a while but laughing pleasures reign'd :
'Till at the last, the gods were envious grown,
To see the bliss of man surpass their own.

†

G

All

All *Greece* was now with *Helen's* rape alarm'd,
 And all its princes to revenge her arm'd.
 When spiteful pow'rs foretold them their descent
 Would be in vain, unless *Achilles* went.
 In vain they might the *Phrygian* coast invade,
 Scale *Troy* in vain, no onset could be made,
 That should succeed without that hero's aid.
 And now *Ulysses* by a crafty flight,
 Had found him out in his disguise's spight:
 Who, tho' betray'd by his unhappy fate,
 Had too much sense of honour to retreat,
 Which when his charming *Deidamia* knew,
 She to her late discover'd lover flew,
 On his dear neck her snowy arms she hung,
 And streaming tears awhile restrain'd her tongue.
 But she at last, her dismal silence broke,
 These mournful words the weeping princefs spoke.

Whither, ah! whither would *Achilles* flee?
 From all he's dearest to, from love and me?
 Are not my charms the same? the same that pow'r?
 Have I lost mine? or has *Bellona* more?
 Oh! let me not so poorly be forsook,
 But view me, view me, with your usual look.
 Would you unkind from these embraces break?
 Is glory grown so strong? or I so weak?
 Glory is not your only call, I fear,
 You go to meet some other mistress there.
 Go then, ungrateful, tho' from me you fly,
 You'll never meet with one so fond as I.
 But some camp mistress, lavish of her charms,
 Devoted to a thousand rival arms.
 Then will you think, when she is common grown,
 On *Deidamia*, who was all your own.
 Then will I clasp thee to my panting breast,
 And thus detain thee to my bosom press'd.

And
 And

And while I fold thee thus, and thus dispense
 These kisses to restore my wand'ring sense,
 What dismal sound of war shall snatch thee hence?
 What tho' the gods have order'd you should go
 Or *Greece* return'd inglorious from her foe?
 Have not the self same cruel gods decreed,
 That if you went, you should as surely bleed?
 Then since your fate is destin'd to be such,
 Ah! think, can any *Troy* be worth so much?
 Let *Greece*, whate'er she please, for vengeance give,
 Secure at home shall my *Achilles* live.
Troy, built by heav'nly hands, may stand, or fall:
 You never shall obey the fatal call.
 Your *Deidamia* swears you shall not go,
 Life would be dear to you, if she were so.
 If not your own, at least my safety prize,
 For with *Achilles*, *Deidamia* dies,

All this, and more, the lovely mournful maid,
 Told the sad youth, who sigh'd at all she said.
 Yet would he not this resolution break,
 Where all his fame and honour lay at stake.
 Now would he think on arms; but when he gave
 A side-long glance on her he was to leave,
 Then his tumultuous thoughts began to jar,
 And love and glory held a doubtful war.
 'Till with a deep-drawn sigh, and mighty course
 Of tears, which nothing else but love could force,
 To the dear maid he turns his wat'ry eyes,
 And to her sad discourse, as sad replies.

Thou late great blessing of my joyful heart,
 Now grown my grief, since I must now depart,
 Behold the pangs I bear; look up and see
 How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.
 Curse on that cunning traitor's smooth deceit,
 Whose craft has made me, to my ruin, great.

Curse on that artifice by which I fell,
 Curse on those hands for wielding swords so well.
 Tho' I should ne'er so fit for battle prove,
 All my ambition's to be fit for love.
 In his soft wars I would my life beguile,
 With thee contend in the transporting toil,
 Ravish'd to read my triumph in thy smile.
 Boldly I'll strive, yet ev'n when conqu'ring yield
 To thee the glory of the bloodless field.
 With liquid fires, melt the rich beauties down:
 Rife thy wealth, yet give thee all my own.
 So should our wars be rapture and delight;
 But now I'm summon'd to another fight.
 'Tis not my fault, that I am forc'd away;
 But when my honour calls, I must obey.
 Durst I not death and ev'ry danger brave,
 I were not worthy of the bliss I have.
 More hazards than another would I meet,
 Only to lay more laurels at your feet.
 Oh! do not fear that I should faithless prove,
 For you, my only life, have all my love.
 The thought of you shall help me to subdue,
 I'll conquer faster to return to you.
 But if my honours should be laid in dust,
 And I must fall, as heav'n has said I must;
 Ev'n in my death, my only hopes will be,
 That I for ever shall be snatch'd from thee.
 That, that alone occasions all my fears,
 Shakes my resolves, and melts me into tears.
 My beating heart pants to thee, as I speak,
 And wishes rather than depart, to break.
 Feel how it trembles with a panic fright:
 Sure it will never fail me thus in fight.
 I cannot longer hold this fond discourse,
 For now the trumpet sounds the sad divorce.
 Sound ev'ry trumpet there, beat ev'ry drum;
 Use all your charms to make *Achilles* come.

Farewel.

Farewel. — Alas ! I have not time to tell
How wond'rous loath I part, — once more farewel.
Remember me, as I remember you,
Like me be constant, and like me be true:
Gods, I shall ne'er be gone ; adieu, adieu, adieu. }

A B S E N C E.

Happy that am'rous youth, whose mistress hears
His swelling sighs, and sees his falling tears.
What savage maid her pity can deny
A breaking heart and a still streaming eye?
Absent, alas ! he spends them all in vain,
While the dear cause is ign'rant of his pain.
Yet wretched as he is, he might be blest,
Would he himself contribute to his rest :
Would he resolve to struggle thro' the net,
And, but a while, endeavour to forget.
But his mad thoughts run ev'ry passage o'er,
And anxious mem'ry, makes his passion more.
Perplexing mem'ry, that renews the scene
Of all past cares, and keeps him still in pain.
Keeps a poor wretch perpetually oppress'd,
And never lets unhappy lovers rest.
Lets them no pangs, no cruel suff'rings lose,
But heaps their past upon their present woes.
Such was *Leander's* mem'ry when remov'd,
And sunder'd by the seas, from all he lov'd,
The gather'd winds had wrought the tempest high,
Toss'd up the ocean, and obscur'd the sky ;
And at this time, with an impetuous sway.
Pour'd forth his forces and possess'd the sea.
When the bold youth stood raging on the beach,
To view the much-lov'd coast he could not reach,
His restless eyes ran all the distance o'er,
And from afar discern'd his *Hero's* tow'r.

Thrice naked, in the waves his skill he try'd,
And strove, as he was us'd, to stem the tide.
But tumbling billows, threaten'd present wreck,
And rising up against him dash'd him back,
Then, like a gallant soldier, forc'd to go,
Full of brave wrath, from a prevailing foe;
Again, to town he makes his sad resort,
To see what ships would loosen from the port.
Finding but one durst launch into the seas,
He writes a letter, fill'd with words like these*..

(* See page 15.)



THE HISTORY OF

PYGMALION:

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

QVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOW art thou envy'd? let *Pygmalion* prove;
Who by a miracle obtain'd his love:
Who living in an age, when women led
The lewdest lives, all shame and honour fled:
For a long time declin'd the nuptial bed.
He saw them all debauch'd with monstrous crimes,
No virtuous maid, no *Delia* blest the times.
Had he liv'd then, his skill had ne'er been shewn,
Nor the strange miracle that crown'd it known.
There had he fix'd, nor form'd his fancy'd maid;
Nor fondly been by his own art betray'd.
The nymph in polish'd iv'ry glitter'd bright,
So smooth, she seem'd too slipp'ry for his sight.
So curious was her shape, so just her frame,
So quick her eyes appear'd so full of flame,
They would have roll'd, if not restrain'd by shame.
From his strong art, the statue had receiv'd
Such lively strokes, one would have thought it liv'd.
Ev'n he himself could hardly, hardly know,
But doubting long, whether it liv'd, or no.
Yet from her, as she was, he gather'd fires;
And fierce, and boundless were his mad desires.

He

He felt her flesh, (his fancy thought it such,)
 And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a touch,
 He kiss'd her, with belief so strong and vain,
 That he imagin'd how she kiss'd again.
 Now makes his court, his mad addresses moves,
 And tells a long fond tale, how well he loves.
 Presents her now, with all he thought might please,
 With precious gums distill'd from weeping trees.
 Small singing birds, who strain their tuneful throats,
 And hov'ring round, repeat their pretty notes.
 With sweetest flow'rs he crowns her lovely head,
 And lays her on the softest downy bed.
 In richest robes his charming idol drest,
 Bright sparkling gems adorn her neck and breast,
 And she—look'd well in all, but look'd when naked }
 best.

Now *Venus* kept her feast; a goodly train
 Of love-sick youths frequent, and fill her fane.
 The snow-white heifers fall by sacred strokes,
 While with rich gums the loaded altar smokes.
 Among the rest, the hopeless lover stands,
 Tears in his eyes, his off'rings in his hands;
 More furious than before he feels his fires,
 Ev'n his despair redoubles his desires.
 A long, long time, his orisons deferr'd,
 He durst not pray, lest he should not be heard.
 'Till urg'd by love, his tim'rous silence broke,
 Thus (but still tim'rously) at last he spoke.
 If you, ye sacred pow'rs that rule above,
 And you great goddesses of propitious love;
 If all ye want is plac'd within your pow'r,
 And you can give whatever we implore:
 Exert your god-head now, now lend your aid,
 Give me the wife I wish, one like, he said,
 But durst not say, give me my ivory maid.
 This finish'd; thrice auspicious flashes rise,
 And wreaths of curling smoke ascended thrice.

Half

Half hoping now, and yet still half afraid,
With doubtful joy he seeks his ivory maid,
Doats more than ever on her fancy'd charms,
And closely clasps her in his longing arms.
When all at once, with joy and wonder fill'd,
He feels her stubborn sides begin to yield.
Soft was her bosom grown, her throbbing breast,
Heav'd with her breath, swell'd gently to be prest.
Surpriz'd, and glad, he feels her oft, and oft;
And more, and more, perceives her warm and soft.
Warm were her lips, and ev'ry pointed kiss
With melted touches, met and moisten'd his.
Her blood now circled and her pulses beat,
And life at last enjoy'd a settled seat.
Slowly she lifts her new and fearful sight,
And sees at once, her lover and the light.
An unborn maid, both life and lover found;
And he too, had his desp'rate wishes crown'd.
Desp'rate indeed; what prospect could he see,
Or how at first, hope any more than me?

H O P E.*SAPHO*

SAPHO TO PHAON:

BY THE HONOURABLE

SIR CARR. SCROPE, BART.

The Poetess Sapho, forsaken by her Lover Phaon (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) in Despair, writes this Letter to him.

WHILE Phaon to the flaming *Ætna* flies,
Consum'd, with no less fires, poor *Sapho* dies,
I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
When by the driving winds the flames are borne,
My muse and lute can now no longer please,
They are th' employments of a mind at ease.
Wand'ring from thought to thought I sit alone
All day, and my once dear companions shun.
In vain the *Lesbian* maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone has ta'en up all the heart,
Ah lovely youth! how canst thou cruel prove,
With blooming years and beauty bid thee love?
If none but equal charms thy heart can bind,
Then to thyself alone thou must be kind.
Yet worthless as I am, there was a time
When *Phaon* thought me worthy his esteem.
A thousand tender things to mind I call,
For they who truly love, remember all.
Delighted with the music of my tongue,
Upon my words with silent joy he hung,
And snatching kisses, stop'd me as I sung.
Kisses, whose melting touch, his soul did move,
The earnest and the coming joys of love.
Then tender words, short sighs, and thousand charms
Of wanton arts endear'd me to his arms;
'Till both expiring with tumultuous joys,
A gentle faintness did our limbs surprise.

Beware,

Beware, *Sicilian* ladies ! ah beware
 How you receive my faithless wanderer.
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe
 The flatt'ring words that he so well can give.
 Loose to the winds I let my flowing hair,
 No more with fragrant scents perfume the air,
 But all my dress discovers wild despair. }
 For whom, alas ! should now my art be shown ?
 The only man I car'd to please is gone.
 Oh let me once more see those eyes of thine,
 Thy love I ask not, do but suffer mine.
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last farewell,
 And feign'd a sorrow which thou didst not feel,
 No kind rememb'ring pledge was ask'd by thee,
 And nothing left but injuries with me.
 Witness ye gods, with what a death-like cold
 My heart was seiz'd, when first thy flight was told.
 Speechless and stupid for a while I lay.
 And neither words nor tears could find their way.
 But when my swelling passion forc'd a vent,
 With hair dishevell'd, cloaths in pieces rent ;
 Like some sad mother thro' the streets I run,
 Who to his grave attends her only son.
 Expos'd to all the world myself I see,
 Forgetting virtue, fame, and all but thee ; }
 So ill, alas ! do love and shame agree !
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant care,
 In pleasing dreams thou comfort'st my despair ;
 And mak'st the night that does thy form convey,
 Welcome to me above the fairest day.
 Then 'spight of absence, I thy love enjoy ;
 In close embraces lock'd, methinks we lie.
 Thy tender words I hear, thy kisses feel,
 With all the joys that shame forbids to tell.
 But when I waking miss thee from my bed,
 And all my pleasing images are fled ;
 The dear deluding vision to retain,
 I lay me down, and try to sleep again.

Soon

Soon as I rise, I haunt the caves and groves,
(Those conscious scenes of our once happy loves)
There like some frantic *Bacchanal* I walk,
And to myself with sad distraction talk.
Then big with grief I throw me on the ground,
And view the melancholy grotto round;
Whose hanging roofs of moss and craggy stone
Delights my eyes above the brightest throne.
But when I spy the banks, whose grassy bed
Retains the print our weary bodies made;
On thy forsaken side I lay me down,
And with a shower of tears the place I drown.
The trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their mourning on.
No warbling *Bird* does now with music fill
The woods, except the mournful *Philomel*.
With hers my dismal notes all night agree,
Of *Tereus* she complains, and I of thee.
Ungentle youth! didst thou but see me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou would'st, thou would'st return.
My constant falling tears the papers stain,
And my weak hand can scarce direct my pen.
Oh! could thy eyes but reach my dreadful state,
As now I stand prepar'd for sudden fate,
Thou could'st not see this naked breast of mine,
Dash'd against rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
Peace, *Sappho*, peace! thou send'st thy fruitless cries
To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than seas.
The flying winds bear thy complaints away,
But none will ever back his sails convey.
No longer then thy hopeless love attend,
But let thy life here with thy letter end.





Gavin Sculp.

PERSEUS and ANDROMEDA.

The HISTORY of
PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA:

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses.*

Propitious chance led *Perseus* once to view
The fairest piece that ever Nature drew;
Chain'd on a rocky shore the virgin stood,
Naked, and whiter than the foaming flood;
Whom, as he cours'd the confines of the sky,
Amaz'd he saw, and kept his wond'ring eye
So fix'd, he had almost forgot to fly.
Had not the winds dispers'd her flowing hair,
And held it waving in the liquid air?
Or had not streams of tears apace roll'd down
Her lovely cheeks, he would have thought her stone.
Streight he precipitates his hasty flight,
Impatient to attain a nearer sight.
Now, all at once, he feels the raging fires,
Sees all the maid, and all he sees, admires.
With awe and wonder, mixt with love and fear,
He stands as motionless as shame made her.
Urg'd on at last, but still by slow degrees,
Loath to offend, he draws to what he sees.
Oh! why, he cries, most matchless fair one, why
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to die?
Have you done any guilt, that guilt relate,
How can such beauty merit such a fate?

†

D

am

I am thy champion, and espouse thy cause;
In thy defence, the thund'rer's offspring draws.
Say, if thou'rt rescu'd by the son of *Jove*,
Say, for thy life, wilt thou return thy love?
The bashful virgin no return affords,
But sends ten thousand sighs, instead of words:
With grief, redoubled with her shame, she mourns;
She weeps, he joys, she blushes, and he burns.
In chains extended at her length she lay,
While he with transport took a full survey.
Fain would her hands her conscious blushes hide.
But that the fetters, which they wore deny'd.
What could she do? all that she could, he did:
For drown'd in floods of tears, her eyes she hid.
Much urg'd to speak, she turn'd her bashful look
Far as she could aside, and trembling spoke:
My Mother, conscious of her beauty, strove
(Alas! too conscious) with the wife of *Jove*:
Who by a cruel and unjust decree,
To punish her, takes her revenge on me.
Here I am doom'd a dreadful monster's prey,
Who now, now, now is issuing from the sea.
Haste; generous youth, our common foe subdue;
And if you save my life, I live for you.
Thus spoke the maid, half dying with her fears:
When lo! the monster from the sea appears.
The dauntless hero mounts his flying horse,
And o'er, the waves directs his airy course.
Let him, alone, his victory pursue;
For dreadful war has nothing here to do.
This short account will love-sick swains suffice;]
He slew his foe, and streight receiv'd his prize.
Thrice happy youth, too fortunately blest;
Who only came, and conquer'd, and possess.
None of the pangs of love your bliss annoy'd;
But you beheld, admir'd, and so enjoy'd.



The STORY of
HIPPOMANES AND ATALANTA:

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Tenth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses.*

HIPPOMANES alone with hope inspir'd,
Might well rejoice to find his wishes fir'd,
Since well assur'd of all his wish desir'd. }
His passion was all life, all soul, and flame,
He dauntless to the fatal barriers came,
With joy his vanquish'd rivals he beheld,
Assur'd to win, where all besides had fail'd.
He saw the lovely nymph out-fly the wind,
And leave her breathless suitors far behind;
Saw *Atalanta* swift as lightning pass,
Yet soft as *Zephyrs*, sweep along the grass.
He knew the law, whose cruelty decreed,
That ev'ry youth who lost the race should bleed.
Yet if, like them, he could not run so fast,
He saw her worth the dying for, at last.
Her ev'ry charm his praise and wonder mov'd,
And still the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
Now had he view'd the last unhappy strife,
And seen the vanquish'd youth resign his life;
When with his love transported, from his place,
Left any other first should claim the race,

D. 2

Rising.

Rising he runs regardless of their fate,
And presses where the panting virgin fate.
With eyes all sparkling with his hope and love,
And such a look as could not fail to move;
Tell me, he cries, why barb'rous beauty, why
Are you pleas'd to see these wretches die?
Why have you with my feeble rivals strove,
Betray'd to death by their too daring love?
With me a less unequal race begin,
With me exert your utmost speed to win;
By my defeat you may your conquests crown,
And in my fall establish your renown:
Then undisturb'd you may your conquests boast,
For none will dare to strive when I have lost.
Thus while the prince his bold defiance spoke,
She eyes him with a soft relenting look.
Already does his distant fate deplore,
Concern'd for him, tho' ne'er concern'd before.
Doubtful she stands, and knows not what to chuse,
And cannot wish to win, nor yet to lose.
But murmurs to herself: Ye pow'rs divine,
How hard, alas! a destiny is mine?
Why must I longer such a law obey,
And daily throw so many lives away?
Why must I by their deaths my nuptials shun?
Or else by marrying be myself undone?
Why must I still my cruelty pursue?
Why must a prince, so charming perish too?
Such is his youth, his beauty, valour such,
Ev'n to myself I seem not worth so much.
Fly, lovely stranger, ere 'tis yet too late,
Fly from thy too, ah! too too certain fate.
I would not send thee hence, I would not give
Such a command; could thou but stay, and live.
Thou with some fairer maid wilt happier be:
The fairest maid might be in love with thee.

So

So many suitors have already bled,
Who rashly ventur'd for my nuptial bed,
I fear lest thou should'st run like them in vain,
Should'st lose like them, and ah! like them be slain.
Yet why should he alone my pity move?
It is but pity sure; it is not love.
I wish, bold youth, thou would'st the race decline,
Or rather wish, thy speed could equal mine.
Would thou hadst never seen this fatal place,
Nor I, alas! thy too, too charming face.
Were I by rig'rous fate allow'd to wed,
Thou should'st alone enjoy, and bless my bed.
Were it but left to my own partial choice,
Of all mankind, thou should'st obtain my voice.
'Twas here she paus'd, when urg'd with long delay,
The trumpet sounds to hasten them away.
Streight at the summons is the race begun,
And side by side, for some short time they run.
While the spectators from the barriers cry,
Fly prosp'rous youth, with all thy vigour fly:
Make haste, make haste, thy utmost speed inforce,
Love gives thee wings to win the noble course.
See how unwillingly the virgin flies,
Pursue, and save thy life, and seize the prize.
'Tis doubtful yet, whether the general voice
Made the glad youth, or virgin most rejoice.
Oft, in the swiftest fury of the race
The nymph would slacken her impetuous pace,
And halt, and gaze, and almost fasten on his face.
Then fleet away again as swift as wind,
Not without sighs to leave him so behind,
By this, he saw his strength would ne'er prevail,
But still he had a charm that could not fail,
From his loose robe a golden apple drawn,
With force he hurl'd along the flow'ry lawn.
Streight at the sight the virgin could not hold,
But starts aside to catch the rolling gold.

He takes the will'd occasion, passes by,
 While all the field resounding shouts of joy.
 This she recovers with redoubled haste,
 'Till he far off the second apple cast.
 Again the nymph diverts her near pursuit,
 And running back, secures the tempting fruit;
 But her strange speed recovers her again,
 Again the foremost in the slow'ry plain.
 Now near the goal, he summons all his might,
 And prays to *Venus* to direct him right,
 With his last apple to retard her flight.
 Tho' sure to lose, if she the race declin'd,
 For such a bribe the vict'ry she resign'd.
 Pleas'd that she lost, to the glad victor's arms
 She gives the prize, & yields her dear-bought charms.
 He by resistless gold the conquest gain'd,
 In vain he ran, till that the race obtain'd.
 Possess'd of that, he could not but subdue,
 For gold alas! would conquer *Delia* too.
 Yet oh! thou best lov'd, thou loveliest maid,
 Be not by too much avarice betray'd.
 Prize thyself high, no easy purchase prove,
 Nor let a fool with fortune buy thy love.
 Like *Atalanta's* conqueror let him be,
 Brave, gen'rous, young, from every failing free,
 And to compleat him, let him love like me.
 What pains against thy wretched life I take?
 Ev'n I myself my jealousies awake.
 Such men there are, blest with such gifts divine,
 Who if they knew thee, would be surely thine.

J E A L O U S Y.

How wretched then, alas! should *Daphnis* grow?
 Gods! know the very thought distracts him now?
 Ev'n now perhaps some youth with happier charms,
 Lies folded in the faithless *Delia's* arms.

Ev'n

Ev'n now, the favours you deny'd me, seem
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
Close by your side, all languishing he stands,
And on your panting bosom warms his hands,
Streight in your lap he lays his envy'd head,
And makes the shrine of love his sacred bed.
Then glows his ravish'd soul with pointed flames,
And thoughts of heavenly joys fill all his dreams.
Let not your passion be to me reveal'd,
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.



The STORY of

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS:

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

FROM *Cephalus's* tragic story, read
What fatal mischiefs jealousy may breed.
Hear that unhappy wretched huntsman tell,
How by his hands his much-lov'd *Procris* fell.
Hear him, lamenting his mischance, complain
In the soft *Ovid's* sadly charming strain.

Happy a while, thrice happy was my life,
Blest in a beautiful and virtuous wife.
Love join'd us first, and love made life so sweet,
We prais'd the gods, that 'twas our lot to meet.

Our

Our breasts glow'd gently with a mutual flame,
 The same were our desires, our fears the same.
 Whate'er one did, the other would approve,
 For one our liking was, as one our love.
 Then happy days were crown'd with happier nights,
 And some few months roll'd on in full delights.
 Joys crowded to appear, and pleasures ran
 A while in circles, e'er our woes began.
 'Till I one happy morn the chance pursu'd
 Of a wild boar, thro' an adjacent wood;
 Where, as I hunted eager on my prey,
Aurora stop'd me in my hasty way.
 You may believe I do not dare to feign,
 (For mis'ry never made a man so vain)
 She, tho' a goddess, straight began to move:
 A fruitless suit, and vainly talk'd of love.
 Tho' she look'd bright as when she shines on high,
 In all the glories of a morning sky;
 Tho' earlier than the sun's, her beams display,
 And shew the first approaches of the day:
 I told her *Procris* all my soul possest,
 That she alone reign'd sovereign of my breast,
 Which never would admit another guest,
 Enjoy thy *Procris* then, the goddess cry'd?
 Whom thou shalt one day wish thou'dst ne'er enjoy'd.
 Stung with her words, with doubts & fears oppress'd,
 A sudden jealousy destroys my rest,
 Mads all my brain, and poisons all my breast.
 I thought the sex all false, ev'n *Procris* too,
 Again I thought, she could not but be true.
 Her youth and beauty kindled anxious cares,
 But her known chastity condemn'd my fears.

But then my absence does again revive,
 And keep the tort'ring fancy still alive.
 I thought her faith too firmly fix'd to fall,
 Yet a true lover is afraid of all.

I knew

I knew not what to think, but streight I go,
Resolv'd to cure, or to compleat my woe.
An habit different from my own I took,
While with curst aid *Aurora* chang'd my look.
To *Athens* streight, unknown to all, I came,
Ev'n to myself I scarce could seem the same.
Hardly I got admission to my house,
But far, far harder to my weeping spouse.
The house itself from ought of blame was free,
And ev'ry place exprest its grief for me.
A dismal silence reign'd thro' ev'ry room,
To mourn my loss, already safe at home.
Ev'n that sad pomp of woe, some charms could boast,
But when my *Procris* came, she charm'd me most.
Black were her robes, her solemn pace was slow,
Her dress was careless, yet becoming too.
A virtuous grief dwelt deeply in her face,
But matchless beauty gave that grief a grace.
Whole show'rs of tears her streaming eyes let fall,
Yet something wond'rous lovely shone thro' all.
Scarce could I at the charming sight forbear
From running to embrace my mournful fair,
Scarce hold from telling whom she saw (tho'
alter'd there)

But yet at length, my first design pursu'd
With words I flatter'd, and with gifts I woo'd?
All the most moving arguments I us'd,
Oft pray'd, and prest, but was as oft refus'd.
She said another had before ingross'd
All her affections, and my suit was lost.
Would any but a mad-man further try?
But ah! that mad, that desp'rate fool was I.
I grew the more industrious to destroy
Her matchless truth, and ruin all my joy.
Redoubled presents, and redoubled vows,
I made, and offer'd to betray my spouse.

At

At last, her stagg'ring faith began to yield,
 And I'd just won the long disputed field.
 Thy falsehood streight I cry'd too late I see;
 False to thy *Cephalus*, for I am he.
 Since you are perjur'd, since my *Procris* grew
 Forsworn and false, what woman can be true?
 She, at these words, almost of sense bereav'd,
 With sad confusion found herself deceiv'd.
 Fix'd on the ground, she kept her downcast eye,
 And silence with her shame made no reply,
 But to the mountains like a huntress hies,
 And for my sake from all mankind she flies.
 Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,
 My dearer half thro' my own folly gone;
 Love fiercer than before began to burn,
 'Till I was raging for my wife's return.
 My pray'rs dispatch'd with eagerness and haste
 That she would pardon all offences past;
 Found her as kind as she was truly chaste. }
 She came and crown'd my joys a second time;
 Forgot my jealousy, forgave my crime.
 'Twas then I thought my greatest miseries o'er,
 But fate it seems had worse, far worse in store.
 Soon as each early sun began to rise,
 To glad th' enlighten'd earth, and gild the skies,
 I with his first appearance rise, and trace
 The woods, and hills, that yielded game to chase.
 Alone I hunt, a long and tedious way,
 And seldom fail to kill sufficient prey.
 Then spent with toil, to cooler shades retreat,
 And seek a refuge from the scorching heat.
 Where pleasant valleys breathe a freer air,
 For my refreshment I address this prayer,
 Come, air, I cry, joy of o'er-labour'd swains,
 Come, and diffuse thyself thro' all my veins;
 Breathe

Breathe on my burning lips, and sev'rish breast,
 And reign at large an ever-grateful guest.
 Glide to my soul, and ev'ry vital part,
 Distil thyself upon my panting heart.
 By chance I other blandishments bestow,
 Or destiny decreed it should be so:
 As, O thou greatest pleasure of the plains,
 Thou who asswagest all my raging pains;
 Thou, who dost nature's richest sweets excite,
 And mak'st me in the desert woods delight:
 Breathless, and dead without thee should I be,
 For all the life I have, I draw from thee.
 While thus I sung, some one who chanc'd to hear,
 Thought her a nymph, to whom I made my pray'r,
 And told my *Procris* of her rival air. }
 She, kind, good soul, half dying at the news,
 Would now condemn me, now again excuse.
 Now hopes 'tis all a falsehood, now she fears;
 Suspects my faith as I suspected hers.
 Resolv'd, at last to trust no busy tongue,
 But be herself the witness of her wrong;
 When the next day with fatal haste came on,
 And I was to my lov'd diversion gone,
 She rose and sought the solitary shade,
 Where, after hunting, I was daily laid,
 Close in a thicket undiscern'd she stood,
 When I took shelter in the shady wood.
 Then stretching on the grass my fainting weight,
 Come much-lov'd air, I cry'd, oh! come, abate }
 With thy sweet breath, this most immoderate heat. }
 On this a sudden noise invades my ear,
 And rustling boughs shew'd something living there.
 I rashly thinking it some savage beast,
 Threw my unerring dart with heedless haste, }
 Which pierc'd, O gods! my *Procris* thro' the breast. }
She

She at the wound, with fearful shrieking fell,
 And I alas ! knew the dear voice too well.
 Thither distracted with my grief I flew,
 To give my dying love a sad adieu.
 All bloody was her lately snowy breast,
 Her soul was hastening to eternal rest.
 With rage I tore my robe, which close I bound,
 To stop the blood, about the gaping wound.
 What pardons did I beg ? what curses frame,
 For my damn'd fate that was alone to blame ?
 When weakly raising up her dying head,
 With a faint voice, these few sad words she said.
 " Draw nearer yet, dear author of my death,
 " Hear my last sighs, and snatch my parting breath.
 " But ere I die, by all that's sacred swear,
 " That you will never let my rival air,
 " Prophane my bed, or find reception there. }
 " This I conjure you by your nuptial vow ;
 " The faith you gave me then, renew me now.
 " By all your love, if any love remain,
 " And by that love which dying I retain.
 " Assure me but of this before I go,
 " And I shall bless thee for the fatal blow."

To her sad speech abruptly I reply'd,
 In haste to shew her error ere she dy'd,
 Quickly I ran the tragic story o'er,
 Which made her pleas'd, amidst the pangs she bore
 That done, she rolls in death her dizzy eyes,
 And with a sigh, which I receiv'd, she dies.

Here did the youth his doleful tale conclude,
 A tale too doleful to be long pursu'd.
 But this ill-chosen instance will not do,
 Unless my *Delia* could be jealous too.

But she, whene'er I woo some other fair,
Shews no resentment, and betrays no care.
She sees me court another, as unmov'd,
As she has always seen herself belov'd.
That dreadful thought redoubles all my fear,
That drowns my hopes, and drives me to despair.

D E S P A I R.

No foreign instance need of this be shewn,
To draw it best, I must describe my own.
Tho' of this kind all ages can produce
Examples proper for the mourning muse;
Yet all to me must the first place resign,
None ever was so just, so deep as mine.
All day and night I sing, and all day long,
I love, and I despair, makes all my song.
Revolving days the same sad music hear,
Unchang'd these notes, *I love, and I despair*.
To me, as to the echo, fate affords
No pow'r of speech but for those doleful words.
Some glimpse of sun, some chearful beams appear,
Ev'n thro' the gloomiest season of the year.
My clouded life admits no dawn of light,
No ray can pierce thro' my eternal night.
All there is dismal as the shades beneath,
And all is dark as hell, as sad as death.
My anxious hours roll heavily away,
Depriv'd of sleep by night, and peace by day.
My soul no respite from her suff'rings knows,
And sees no end of her eternal woes.
In a long line they run for ever on,
And still increase, and lengthen as they run.
By flight to lose my ills in vain I try,
From my despairing self I cannot fly.
Where e'er I go, I bear about my flame,
In cities, countries, seas, 'tis all the same.

† E virore cecidit Scorh'd

Scorch'd with my burning pains, I shun my house,
 And strive in open air to seek repose.
 My flames, like torches, shook in open air,
 Grow with dilated heat, more furious there.
 Now to the more retir'd, remotest place,
 Ev'n to obscurity I fly for ease.
 Retirement still foment the raging fire,
 And trees, and fields, and floods, and verse conspire }
 To spread the flame and heighten the desire.
 Wildly I range the woods, and trace the groves,
 To every oak I tell my hopeless loves.
 Torn by my passion, to the earth I fall,
 I kneel to all the gods, I pray to all.
 Nothing but echo answers to my pray'r.
 And she speaks nothing, but *despair, despair*.
 From woods and wilds I no relief receive,
 But wander on to try what seas can give.
 Deep thro' the tide, nor knowing where, I walk;
 To the deaf winds, not knowing what, I talk.
 Mad as the foaming main, aloud I rave,
 While ev'ry tear keeps time with ev'ry wave.



The PASSION of

SCYLLA FOR MINOS.

FROM THE

Eighth Book of OVID's *Metamorphoses*.

A Tower with founding walls erected stands,
 The sacred fabric of *Apello's* hands.
 His harp laid by, the strings their airs dispense,
 And vocal stones receiv'd their virtue thence.

This

This *Scylla*, in the time of peace, ascends,
 And thence her look o'er all the lawn extends :
 Now with delight she views the spacious town,
 Now, pleas'd with dropping little pebbles down, }
 Strikes a sweet music from the warbling stone.
 In times of wars the self same prospect yields,
 The pleasing horror of the bloody fields ;
 Long had they now in equal balance hung,
 And doubtful victory depended long.
 This gave her leisure to discern and know
 The several leaders of the neighbouring foe.
Minos, their general, most of all she knew,
 More than a virtuous virgin ought to do.
 Whether his helmet glitter'd from afar,
 And with its waving feathers threatned war ;
 Whether his hands, the shining sword would wield,
 On his strong arm raise his refulgent shield ;
 Whate'er she saw him do, she prais'd and lov'd,
 And kept him still in view, where e'er he mov'd.
 When e'er he shook a spear, or cast a dart,
 She knew not which excell'd, his strength or art.
 When e'er he drew a shaft, she'd swear, that so
 Ev'n *Phœbus* would himself discharge his bow.
 But when his naked visage he disclos'd,
 His charming face to public view expos'd ;
 When on his foaming horse he rode the plains,
 Ruling with skilful hands, the stubborn reins ;
 Then like tempestuous seas her passions roll
 Mad her sick brain, and rack her troubled soul.
 Happy, she calls the courser which he press'd ;
 Happy, the lance he couch'd within his vest ; }
 Happy, the vamplate that secur'd his breast.
 Now would she think of flying to the foe,
 And would have gone, had she a way to go.
 Now, headlong from the tower herself have sent,
 And ventur'd life, to reach her lover's tent,

Open the brazen gates, when love inspir'd,
 Or act what e'er the foe she lov'd desir'd.
 Silent she sat with a distracted look,
 Till passion gave her leave, and then she spoke.

In this unhappy war, and fatal strife,
 I know not which to yield to, joy or grief.
 Tho' 'tis my fate to love my country's foe,
 I had not seen him, had he not been so.
 Yet might they let their fierce contention fall,
 And making peace, make me the pledge for all.
Minos and I once join'd, our wars might cease,
 And that alliance fix a lasting peace.
 Well might our mother's charms a god subdue,
 If ever she could charm dear nymph like you.
 Happy! thrice happy had I wings to fly
 To yonder tents, where the lov'd foe does lie.
 I'll tell the dear disturber of my rest,
 All that I feel, could it be all express'd,
 And pour my soul into the charmer's breast.
 Give all I can to make him once my own,
 All he would ask, all,—but my father's crown.
 This love shall cease, these fierce desires shall die,
 E'er I by treachery my wish enjoy.
 Yet when a generous foe disputes the field,
 It is not safest to resist, but yield.
 The tragic destiny of his darling son,
 Has brought at last these fatal mischiefs on.
 In a just cause his vengeful sword he draws,
 Strong is his army to maintain his cause.
 Needs must my charming hero prosperous prove,
 Then let him owe his conquests to my love.
 Thus thousands must be sav'd who else must bleed,
 And daily perish, if the wars proceed.
Minos will thou be safe, and I be blest;
 Else he may chance to perish with the rest.

Some

Some rash unknowing hand his spear may dart
Against my too, too vent'rous hero's heart.
For who, without concern, his wounds could see?
Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he?
'Tis then resolv'd; lest such a chance should fall
On him I love so well, I'll hazard all.
My country, and myself, one gift I'll join,
And make the merit of his conquest mine.
To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil,
For wretched want of power, the things we will.
The gates are kept with a sufficient guard,
And ev'ry night my father sees them barr'd.
'Tis he destroys my blifs; 'tis him I fear;
Would he were with the dead, or I were there.
Might I (not inj'ring him) my blifs pursue?
Indulgent gods! but why invok'd I you?
We our own gods, have power ourselves to bless,
And from ourselves derive our own success.
The only way to prosper is to dare,
For fortune listens not to lazy prayer.
Others inflam'd with such a fierce desire,
Have forc'd thro' all, to quench their raging fire.
Shall any other then more res'lute prove?
Thro' fire and sword, I'll force my way to love.
Yet to assist me here, I need not call
For fire, or sword; my father's heir is all.
That, that must crown my joys and make me blest,
Beyond whatever else can be possess'd,
Beyond what can be by my words exprest.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE
DEATH OF DELIA.

*Quam referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum calum stellas, dum vebit amnis aquas.*

TIBULUS.

DAPHNIS and THYRSIS.

Thy. **S**Tay wretched swain, lie here, and here lament;
Press not too far your strength, already spent.
Long has distracting sorrow made me rove
Thro' ev'ry desert plain and dismal grove,
Still silent with excess of grief, and love.
Feebly your trembling legs beneath you go,
And bend, o'er burden'd with the load of woe.
Stay, and this melancholy grotto chuse,
A proper mansion for a mourning muse.
Lay your tir'd limbs extended on the moss,
And tell the list'ning woods of *Delia's* loss:
Here, the sad muse need no disturbance fear,
For not a living thing inhabits here.
Music may give your sorrows some relief,
And I, by list'ning to you, share your grief.

Daph. What music now can my sad numbers boast?
What muse invoke? alas! my muse is lost.
Long since my useless pipe was thrown aside,
My reeds were broke that hour that *Delia* dy'd.
From her alone their inspiration came,
She gave the verse, and was the verse's theme,

For

For ever should my sorrows keep me dumb,
 Silent as death, and hush'd as *Delia's* tomb;
 Did not the force of love unlock my tongue,
 Lest her dear beauties did remain unsung,
 Her charms let ev'ry muse conspire to tell,
 And that once done, let ev'ry muse farewell.
 "This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 "To sing her death, and then no more to sing."

Be still ye winds, or in soft whispers blow,
 Ye purling streams, with gentle murmurs flow:
 Let lambs forbear to bleat, and herds to low.
 Let all in easy mournful numbers move,
 Let all be soft and artless as my love.

Oh! she was ev'ry way divinely fair,
 Charming in person, and in soul sincere.
 She was, alas! more than the muse can tell,
 Well worthy love, and was belov'd as well.
 She was, alas! these tears that saying draws,
 Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing word; she was.
 Now she no more must tread the flow'ry plains,
 No more be gaz'd at by admiring swains:
 No more, the choicest flowers, and daisies chuse,
 Or pluck the pasture for her tender ewes.
 Say, ye poor flocks, how often have ye stood;
 And from her lovely hands receiv'd your food;
 Now ye no more from those fair hands must feast,
 Those hands, which gave the flowers a sweeter taste.
 Mourn her, by whom ye were so often fed,
 And cry with me, the shepherdess is dead.
 "This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 "To sing her death, and then no more to sing."

Weep for her loss, relenting heav'n and keep
 Time with our tears; heav'n seems apace to weep.
 In murm'ring drops the mournful rain distills,
 And fable clouds warp round the sides of hills.
 The goat forbears to browse, the tender ewe
 Will drink no longer of the falling dew;

No morning larks their mounting wings display,
 Or chear with warbling airs the dusky day.
 On dropping boughs sad nightingales complain,
 Join in my songs, but sing like me, in vain.
 In doleful notes the murm'ring turtles coo,
 Each of them seems t' have lost a *Delia* too.
 The melting air in mists its sorrow shews,
 And cold damp sweat the face of earth bedews.
 With tears the river-gods enlarge their spring.
 Swans in sad strains on swelling waters sing.
 In sighs the god of winds his passion vents,
 And all, all nature, for her loss laments.
 "This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 "To sing her death, and then no more to sing."

How often on the banks of silver *Thames*,
 My eyes on hers, and hers upon the streams,
 Has she stood list'ning, when I told my flames?
 How often has a sudden, side long look,
 Seem'd to confess her pity when I spoke?
 Pity she had, though I cou'd never move,
 In her cold breast, the least return of love.
 Pity from her, more welcome did receive,
 Than all the love another fair could give.
 And it was some, some small relief, to see
 She lov'd not others, tho' she lov'd not me.
 Say, gentle *Thames*, how often have I stood,
 Viewing her dear reflection in your flood?
 When on her face I durst not gaze for fear;
 How often have I look'd, and found it there?
 How often have I wish'd my verse might prove
 Smooth as your stream, whene'er I write of love?
 Say, how your courteous waves would never flow
 O'er any path where she was us'd to go.
 Now let your river, like my eyes, run o'er,
 Insult with fuller tides the desert shore,
 And drown those banks, where *Delia* walks no more.

"This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
"To sing her death, and then no more to sing."

But violets, and blushing roses fade,
Fold your silk leaves, and hang your drooping head }
Shut up your sweets, and seem, like *Delia*, dead,
Let spring run backwards, and the vintage blast,
Let constant showers lay all the country waste,
Let flames unto the centre downwards tend,
And let the floods, untoss'd by winds, ascend.
Let all things change, and wear another face,
Let nature not appear the same she was.
Let fowl to dwell beneath the water try,
And let the water herd attempt to fly;
Let wolves protect the flocks upon the plains,
Let bashful virgins woo disdainful swains;
Let savage death its cruelty pursue;
And, since my *Delia's* dead, let me die too.
"This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
"I sing her death, and then no more I sing."

See where the god of love all sad appears,
His smoking torch extinguish'd with his tears;
Well may he weep for his declining power,
His charms is done since *Delia* is no more.
Thro' her he conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd;
Her beauties his decaying sway sustain'd. }
And she now gone, his empire is disdain'd.

See where *Diana*, with a stately train
Of goodly nymphs, descends upon the plain:
Each of them weeps, and leans upon her bow,
And mourns her fellow *Delia* wanting now.
The goddess grieves to see her train decreas'd,
And swelling sighs shakes ev'ry virgin breast.
Unhurt, they let the stags beside them pass,
Nor follow boars that tempt them to the chase.
In several forms of woe their grief they vent,
And all with me for *Delia's* loss lament.

"This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
 "To sing her death, and then no more to sing."

Look yonder where the lovely nymph is laid,
 I'll go, and on her earth recline my head,
 Choak with my sighs and hasten to the dead. }
 Come hither all ye swains, with garlands come,
 Pour out your richest perfumes on her tomb.
 Let myrtes on her grave unplanted grow,
 In ready wreaths for ev'ry lovers brow.
 Let flowers, unknown before, be dally seen
 To raise their heads above the spacious green.
 Millions of blooming sweets her earth furround,
 And balmy gums distil upon the ground.
 Here let the tuneful muse for ever cease,
 To give unutterable sorrow place.
 Let sighs and streaming tears resume their course,
 And my sad eyes be their eternal source.
 I'll go and chuse some melancholy cave,
 As undisturb'd and secret as the grave.
 I'll feast my eyes with nothing fair on earth,
 Nor shall my ears hear any sound of mirth.
 Farewel, ye charming choristers that dwell
 In sacred groves; ye warbling birds farewell.
 Adieu ye nymphs, adieu ye fellow swains,
 Ye silver streams, sweet swans, and flow'ry plains;
 Farewel all happy days and smiling hours,
 Refreshing vallies and delightful bow'rs.
 Adieu to ev'ry grotto, ev'ry grove,
 Adieu to poetry, adieu to love.

E I N I S



